

INNIS HERALD

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CINEMATOGRAPHY



RECONSTRUCTION



CLOVERFIELD



REPETITION



THE INNIS HERALD

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PRÉCIS

8c « Since then, the strike topic has slowly dissolved into the background » (p. 2).

8c « Poker has become quite the fad over the years » (p. 2).

8c « Boy, I bin, you know » (p. 3).

8c « Vigneault reerece l'époque où se plait a se retrouver chacun de nous » (p. 4).

8c « I only hope you can be entertained as I was entertained » (p. 4).

8c « All are primarily shot through a camera held by one of the characters » (p. 7).

8c « The murder rate went from 1 per month to 25 a day under U.S. occupation » (p. 8).

8c « I should add with exacting righteousness » (p. 9).

8c « Created to cover for a far more nefarious interest in the supposed criminals » (p. 10).

8c « A lively character who often comes across as slightly mad » (p. 11).

NOTES

All artwork this issue comes courtesy of Felix Kalmenson. The pieces are titled, in order: Waiting For the Days to Pass, Never Cry Wolf, Little Fern on the Horizon, Two Step Process, It's Time and Aimlessly Searching Behind the Madness.

There was no February issue due to our production dates unfortunately coinciding with Reading Week, when all papers seem to find themselves being thrown out.

We are now comfortably located in our new office, room 107, just past the Innis Café (currently under reconstruction). Our office hours are located on our website, and we encourage any and all to drop by.

The Innis Herald is published during the second full week of each month during the Fall and Winter terms. Meeting dates and deadlines may be found on our website.

All submissions are welcome.

The Strike Is Over, But The Repeats Aren't

AFTER much negotiating, the writers have recently settled on an agreement that has satisfied all - or has it?

For three months, the Writers Guild of America has been striking in hopes of improving their contracts with Hollywood studios. Focused largely on their contributions to the internet, the writers halted television programs and even award shows to earn the respect and rightful acknowledgement for work that had been largely taken for granted. After a long dry spell in television programming, the writers have come to an agreement, but many question whether the strike did any justice.

According to the new agreement, writers will receive 1.2% of the gross receipts for download « rentals » (where the consumer pays for time-limited access to media) and 0.65%-0.7% of receipts for download purchases. Whereas before the strike, the writers were not compensated for streaming videos as the studios saw it as being a form of « promotional » use. Furthermore, the writers will receive 2% of the gross receipts for ad streaming of television programs and feature films, but only after 17 days.

Although writers already received a 0.3% cut of DVD profits, the WGA had promised to pay the same for downloads.

After 3,375 members of the guild voted, 92.5% were in favor of ending the 100 day strike. So did these writers find the new agreement favorable or were they just tired of pacing the picket lines? Reception of the new deal has largely been mixed. Although it appears most writers grew tired of walking the lines, others have vouched satisfaction in achieving some dignity while marking their cause. Since then, the strike topic has slowly dissolved into the background but has not been forgotten by comedians like Conan O'Brien who have poked fun at the small changes the writers managed to accomplish. Than again, what were we to expect from only a three-month long strike? At least the writers can't complain from having Wrist Repetitive Stress.

Now that the writers are back to work, don't expect to see any new episodes of your favourite programs anytime soon. Shows such as *House* and *Bones* will not air until as late as April. In the meantime, couch potatoes will have to en-

sure *American Idol* a little longer.

The following is a confirmed list of dates of when your television show favorites return with new episodes:

April 1: *Hell's Kitchen*
April 7: *Samantha Who?*
April 8: *Boston Legal*
April 13: *Desperate Housewives*
April 14: *Bones*, *One Tree Hill*
April 17: *Smallville*
April 20: *Brothers & Sisters*
April 21: *Gossip Girl*
April 24: *Ugly Betty*, *Grey's Anatomy*, *Supernatural*
April 28: *House*

Sadly, shows like *Private Practice*, *Dirty Sexy Money* and *Pushing Daisies* won't return until next season. Fans will have to wait even longer for *24*, as the popular show starring Kiefer Sutherland will not return until as late as January 2009.

MELISSA LASZKIEWICZ

« Deal 'Em Up »: The Game of Poker

THE cards are dealt to the players as I reach to uncover two aces staring right at me. I fumble with what little chips I had as I contemplated my next move. « All-in », I say as I push the small pile of reds to the center of the table. My rich opponent hesitates briefly, but calls. Our cards turn over, revealing my aces and his queen and jack. The flop hits the table and an ace of clubs glances in my direction. I can now feel my moment of victory. The dealer places the fourth card onto the board, a king. My opponent sits agitated, hoping for a ten to complete his straight while I sit proud with my two aces. The last card, the river, falls flat on the table. It is a ten. My aces are useless and my pile of chips disappears into his hands.

Poker can be quite the exciting card game as it is both challenging and risky. With some common strategy and a bit of luck, you may just find yourself winning a pot or two. As seen in the story above, the cards are unforeseeable as some of the most unexpected moments can occur, leaving you with either a gaping mouth, a pile of chips, or unfortunately, in this case, plain broke.

For those who are not aware of how the game works, it is quite simple. There are several versions of poker available to play, but one of the most popular today is Texas Hold 'Em. Each player is dealt two cards with the player on the left of the dealer acting as small blind and his or her neighbor acting as big. A blind in poker terms is an automatic bet to see the cards or what is known as the flop. Once everyone calls, the dealer proceeds. Three cards are shown on

the table and will eventually be followed by two more. During the game, players are allowed to bet, raise or check. The point of the game is to achieve the best hand with the two cards dealt combined with the flop.

For a card game that has been played since the early 1830's, poker has become quite the fad over the years with numerous tournaments around the world being broadcast on television. Programs like *Poker After Dark* and the very popular *Celebrity Poker Showdown* have become successful television shows, reviving the classic card game's popularity.

The following are a few facts and tips about the card game that may either improve your luck or introduce you to something new.

Poker Factsoids:

- ❖ World Series of Poker began in 1970
- ❖ In 1987, community card poker was introduced to California.
- ❖ The 1990s saw the way for poker to spread across North American casinos, notably Atlantic City and New Jersey.
- ❖ Poker became popular in films such as *Maverick* starring Mel Gibson and 1998's *Rounders* starring Matt Damon.
- ❖ *Late Night Poker* hit British television screens in 1999, introducing many Europeans to the card game for the first time.
- ❖ The 21st century marks the beginning of online poker and the invention of the hole-card camera.

Poker hand rankings:

- ❖ Straight Royal Flush: Ace, King, Queen, Jack and Ten of the same suit.
- ❖ Straight Flush: five cards in sequence in the same suit.
- ❖ Four of a Kind: four of the same cards.
- ❖ Full House: three matching cards of one rank, and two matching cards of another.
- ❖ Flush: five cards of the same suit, not in sequence.
- ❖ Straight: five cards in sequence.
- ❖ Three of a Kind: three of the same cards.
- ❖ Two Pair: two cards of the same rank followed by two others.
- ❖ One Pair: two cards of the same rank.
- ❖ High Card: no matching cards, or no pair.

If you do not feel like watching the professionals or celebrities battle for the pot, then there are plenty of online versions of the game to be tested. Pokerstars.com is one of the most popular sites on the web, advertising itself constantly on television as a fun opportunity to take big risks by playing others online. There are well over a hundred million websites devoted to the game available on the web. Even the popular social engine, Facebook has added a Texas Hold 'Em application, where you may play against friends or other Facebook members online. As if the website wasn't distracting enough, I now have a poker addiction to take care of. Hopefully you will enjoy this game - just don't get as caught up in it as I have.

MELISSA LASZKIEWICZ



On Tom Cruise, Scientologist

I THINK that calling yourself a Scientologist isn't a privilege, but an honor. And it's something you have to earn...through NES or PC. All the way. BAM! There's nothing like it. And you know, you just know, that there's nothing...anyone else can do. You have the ability...to create new realities. HOO! Just like that. When I...when I read KFC, I know I have to do it. I know I have the power to help others so that they can help me, you know, and help all of us. Your condition is put on life support. Right there. Period. POW! But it takes more. It takes more. And...and...I know I have to do what I'm doing so that I can do it.

...

I wish the world was a different place. Like Mars or Neptune. I'd...like to go on vacation. Just go and play. Drink, smoke. Whatever. SHAA! Do that, you know what I mean. But PTNYPZ turns me around. It turns me on...in totality to change people's lives. To, like, change teachers into bus drivers. Or...to change waiters into pilots. KAPOOF! You know. HWAA! It's...it's...it's just like totally, certainly, wholly uncompromisable. That's it. Period. All of it, you know. I think about it. PWOO! I think about it a lot. What those people are going to do when I don't do it by doing what they could do if I don't do it before they've started doing it. WOW! Really...really.

...

I gotta tell you, I really do. As a Scientologist, when you look at somebody, you know it's them. You know it's them. BOOM! When you drive or fly past an accident, it's not like anyone else. You do it faster and better. You know you have to...do something about it. Either you do or you don't. The choice is clear, you know what I mean. He...or she...or he doesn't have an option. MPD says it all. It's absolutely what is to be done. Period. AHHH! Yeah, I'm telling you. Yeah! You have to

put your own ethics into someone else's ethics. SLAM! I don't care...if there's not enough space. Scientology...expands it. And you can do that. The knowledge I can...give to others takes care of the rest. HE-HE-HE! But I'm not kidding at all, you know. Cause I put the ethics ruthlessly in on myself. Whip, gun, and spikes. PHHH! Yeah, you know. And you learn to stop being afraid. Period. Cause if you stay afraid, then it stops working. And...to keep helping others, you have to be working.

...

It's the time. The time is now! And now is the time! I say CK to all of it. It can be AM or PM or day or night for a Scientologist. That person...it can still keep on going. Cause it's undoubtedly, fortunately, entirely the way to happiness. Yeah! BOOM! We can bring peace. Carry it through the org. Load it into the mainstream reality. Scientologists are there to unite cultures. To stick people together. Whether it's LQ or BZ or EU, we're doing it. All the way! Yeah! ZAP! OHH! Yeah! I've been traveling this world and others. The Space Oprah...really was the one. And meeting the people I meet, seeing the people I see, hearing the people I hear, touching the people I touch...redefines responsibility. KHAWAA! Just like that.

...

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! Yeah! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! They...they really came up to me once and...have you met an SOB? HA-HA-HA! You...you wish it was like that. All the time! But...but they actually wouldn't do it. Not to my face, my crotch. Or anywhere within a...50 mile radius. I don't care whether...someone thinks it's hard or easy or difficult. It's about contributing all the millions you've got. Okay? I'm carrying my load. Oh, it's a heavy load. WOOSH! And I know. You know I know. But once you know, you just know. You're a Scientologist. Period. And

people...are turning to you. So you better know it. Look everywhere. Up or down. Left, right. Yeah! And you'll get it. Like PRS or ZT. You're either on board or you're not on board and if you are on board, then you're on board just like the rest of us are on board because if you're not on board then you're simply, fully overboard and it leaves us on board without you on board. Period. Okay? I still...feel...like...I gotta do more. A lot more.

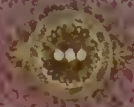
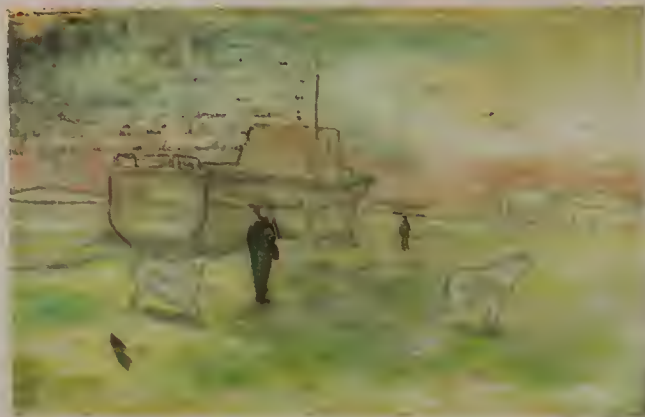
...

I wanna just suck the world into myself...and chew. You know, save the moment. Yeah! HOOO! But the best part...the best part comes when...when...you spit it back out. In the whole sense. Just...SHAZAM! Back out. That's what it takes to be a Scientologist. You don't enter the WC like you did before. The way it's done, my feces transcends space and time. It does...I mean it. And you know the spectators. They're watching you. Outside or inside, you know what I mean. The ones that say: it's easy for you. But it ain't. It's just...that I shouldn't. Otherwise, the whole point of being a Scientologist disappears into thin air. HE-HE-HE! And that air is thin! Boy, thin, you know. It's...our responsibility to educate...to go in there and...kick out the teacher. To give those people BDSM. To give them what they deserve from this world. Man, you're either in or you're out. That's what I have to say to them. Yeah! Yeah! WHAAM! EEK! Yeah! I've cancelled that in my area.

...

Let's get it done. Do it. Just do it. And do it right. Do it all the way. Because I do care so very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very much. So much. BOOM! Take it or leave it. YHEEE! I think about the billions that depend on us...on us. And our brains. Or they just begin to melt.

TOM CRUISE



Le Géant de la Chanson au Québec

PAS

de chemin pour s'y rendre, un bateau tous les quinze jours, un avion entre les tempêtes, la pêche, le trappage, c'est Natashquan. De ce petit village perdu sur la côte Nord du Québec, s'est levé le nouveau géant de la poésie, le symbole de la simplicité retrouvée. C'est Gilles Vigneault sorti de son pays de réalité et de rêve, de joies et de peines, pays de son enfance, de ses amours, de ses souvenirs.

Gilles Vigneault naquit en 1928 d'une famille modeste. Il poursuivit ses études classiques et à quatorze ans il fait la découverte de la poésie en lisant *Le Cid*. C'est en 1950 qu'il entre à l'Université Laval à Québec pour obtenir une licence en lettres. Il devient professeur et ce n'est qu'en 1960 que Vigneault commence une réelle carrière de gigueur, conteur, compositeur et chanteur. En 1959 il édite son premier recueil de poèmes *Etraves* où il nous parle de son dialogue avec la mer. En 1961 paraît un recueil qui comprend quarante récits, « *Contes sur la pointe des pieds* ». En 1964 paraît « *Balises* » recueil de poésie. Puis en 1965 « *Avec les vieux mots* » et « *Quand les*

bateau s'en vont ».

Le grand talent de ce chanteur-compositeur se devait de dépasser les frontières de ce pays. En 1964 sa chanson *Jack Monoloy* remporte le deuxième prix du quatrième festival international de la chanson en Pologne. En 1965 la chanson *Mon Pays* se mérite le premier prix au même festival. Notre Vigneault atteint ici un sommet de sa carrière. Il nous communique sa joie d'être de vivre avec les hommes. Il nous dit son pays qui est le nôtre. Ses principaux thèmes, sa musique, tout contribue à introduire chez le public qui l'écoute, une atmosphère de tendresse de chaleur humaine. Car ce Gilles Vigneault mène la salle du bout de sa poésie vivante et colorée. La salle s'est reconnue. Il lui a donné une chance, un prétexte pour s'identifier.

De tous les chansonniers, Vigneault est certainement le plus prestigieux actuellement. Avec tous ses personnages légendaires dont il chante la vie, la force et la grandeur, il est en train de créer une nouvelle mythologie. Il s'est fait l'interprète de tous ces hommes de la côte Nord devenue pour nous un véritable

Olympe.

Vigneault pour nous, québécois, c'est un mythe, un véritable symbole. Il incarne le désir collectif du peuple canadien de s'affirmer, de faire valoir sa langue et ses traditions. Il sait si bien animer nos grands paysages que nous adhérons par le fait même à sa poésie, à son personnage. Vigneault recrée l'époque où se plaît à se retrouver chacun de nous. Dans une interview lors de sa tournée à Paris, Vigneault disait lui-même : « *Peut-être que le public se reconnaît en moi, qu'il vient s'applaudir lui-même, parce qu'au bout de ma chanson est mon pays. Je chante parce que j'ai quelque chose à dire et je chante ceux qui travaillent à construire le pays* ».

SANDRA
GRANT

As I Was Entertained

I WAS

fortunate to be wined and dined at the Castle George and to be entertained by Mr. Valentine (Val) Pringle, recently billed as Harry Belafonte's protégé. Again, I find it most difficult to convey my enthusiasm for this man. After listening to one of his songs, it is impossible to deny that he has a fantastically moving voice. He BREATHES rhythm. And may God help you if he laughs because when he laughs he just laughs all over and you can't help but love him. Consequently, after hearing about six of his songs, I pondered the possibility of interviewing him.

The interview, which I found to be easily arranged, proved most interesting, informing, and quite the contrary to what I had expected. I had imagined a short, clipped, rather impersonal talk with a performer obviously bored by a « *green* » reporter. Needless to say, I was most pleasantly surprised. Mr. Pringle was kind and patient enough to join our table of three for an afterdinner drink. He is not only very friendly and easy to talk to but also witty and intelligent. We discussed Mr. Pringle's career with him and discovered that he has been singing for three years. He revealed that, contrary to the popular belief, all

Negro singers start singing in Gospel Church choirs. He never sang in one, but rather, while in church, could only think of one thing—getting « *the hell out of there* ». In three years of singing he has produced five albums, two of which (R.C.A. Victor label) are probably available in Canada. Our guest also voiced his intention to record more album of a somewhat varied nature. He would like to record spirituals, folk songs, blues, gospel tunes, and just about anything else that takes his fancy. This perhaps indicates his versatility and his appreciation of music in general. Our discuss, lasting a full hour, varied from his career, to the recording, « *The Eve of Destruction* », to professional football, and finally terminated in a lengthy debate concerning idealism.

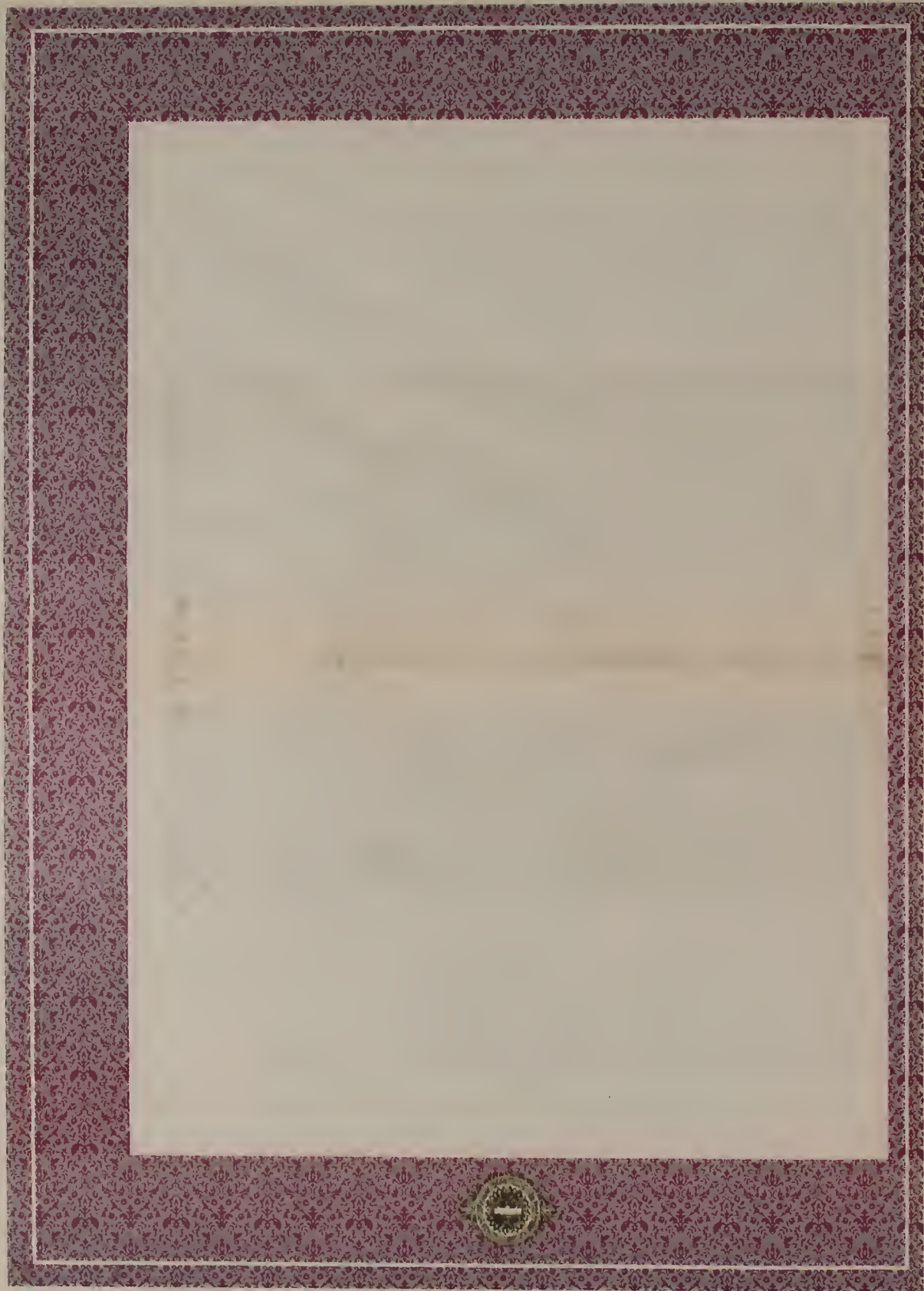
At this point, Mr. Pringle returned to his singing for another twenty or twenty-five minutes. He included a request, from our table, for « *Shenandoah* ». This was beautifully performed, both by Mr. Pringle and by his friend who accompanies him, most skillfully, on the guitar. Knowing relatively few technical terms in the field of music, I am unable to discuss, at length, the tone, the quality, or the varied effects of his singing. I only know that he

had the rhythm and the song and the emotion and he instilled all three in the people around him.

In conclusion, I should like to make two recommendations. First, save every penny you have (after the McGill Weekend, that is) and when you can afford to dine with class, so to speak, I suggest the « *Castle George* ». It is most enjoyable. Secondly, if you appreciate a bass baritone; if you like rhythm and if you want to be impressed, see Val Pringle when the opportunity next arises. Though lacking the showmanship or professionalism of Belafonte, he has a certain earthiness and a whole lot of friendliness which showmanship and professionalism prevent Belafonte from exhibiting. I realize, of course, that as a top performer, Belafonte must maintain a certain distance which, in effect, contributes to his showmanship but he has lost that personal touch which Mr. Pringle has so easily grasped. I only hope you can be entertained as I was entertained.

JOANNE
KRESS







Redacted, Diary of the Dead and Cloverfield: A Look at the Young, Aspiring, Passionate, DOOMED! Film Student

ASIDE from the fact that all three films induce motion sickness, they have more in common than what first meets the eyes. *Redacted*, *Diary of the Dead* and *Cloverfield* have an underlying sense of impending doom. Well, naturally, since they're dealing with a war, a monster attack and the undead, respectively. All three films were shot in digital, all are distinguishable genre pieces and all are primarily shot through a camera held by one of the characters. The events that the films hinge on were taken from a character's camera – a camera that will outlive the character.

This article is somewhat inconclusive; it is merely meant to bring a recent phenomenon to the fore mainly for further discussion. Ideally, in another longer article, I would make a case for each film separately, for combining them together will, admittedly, create confusion, so bear with me.

Shooting a film partially or in its entirety through a character's viewpoint is not in itself a new aesthetic. Having the film shot from the camera of the character insists on a diegetic experience not afforded by the standard POV shot. What's more interesting, however, is the character behind the camera – a filmmaker. Two filmmakers actually; the real director of the film and the diegetic film student, or aspiring filmmaker. The former is responsible for the latter's existence and subsequent imminent death. While it has not been explicitly stated that any of the characters in *Cloverfield* is a film student/filmmaker, I posit that the underlying methodology of execution is similar to the other two films that the character could be considered or identified as such a filmmaker: the characters are close in age; there is a striking similarity in the situations;

and the characters' persistent need to document their experiences within these situations conceptually link these characters together. Using this as a starting point, it is tempting to say these films (and filmmakers) are collectively making a statement on the state of filmmaking today and its relation to the struggle of up and coming young filmmakers.

As much as I am challenged as a film student to seek more knowledge, more films, more experiences that will build a solid foundation for me to expand upon in the future, I am equally discouraged by the lack of opportunities, fierce competition and my own confusion. Naturally, this is not enough to make any dedicated film student, aspiring filmmaker or avid cinephile quit this early on or even at all. Lately, however, I have been sensing more discouragement than encouragement from filmmakers themselves. Robert Lantos recently cautioned film students by advising them to reconsider their options, saying that if one can find something else that interests them besides film, they should pursue it wholeheartedly. There must have been a reason as to why he said that; it might have been merely a comic relief, people did laugh. Awkwardly apprehensive, I did too. What he said resonated more deeply with me; it made me listen and at the very least (re)consider. This coming from Robert Lantos combined with the deaths these ill-fated film students meet in the aforementioned films, was I wrong to? Perhaps. But I do think it is worth looking into. It seems to me that these filmmakers (and maybe more to come?) are hinting at something; while Lantos said it flat-out consciously, it is hard to say the same for the other filmmakers. But with their auteur statuses in cinema today, it is unthinkable to believe that

De Palma or Romero did this unconsciously. Why is it, for example, that in *Redacted* the filmmaker is the one to receive the harshest blow of everyone in the camp when it could have been anyone else? The point is: it was not anyone else; not in *Redacted*, not in *Diary of the Dead*, and not in *Cloverfield*.

Ironically, *Redacted* establishes a sense of initial naïveté to the concept of filmmaking. *Diary of the Dead* establishes a required dedication to filmmaking and *Cloverfield* establishes a potential significance for filmmaking, more significance than it already possesses, if that is possible. In *Redacted*, Diaz hopes that his documentary of the lives of American troops in Iraq will get him into film school. Jason in *Diary of the Dead* plunges knowingly into the world of the undead to film his own movie *The Death of Death*, which then evolves into a documentary. The persistence of the camera in *Cloverfield* as it bumps from one character to the other in an attempt to document the attack despite the gravity of the situation establishes a necessity to filmmaking. The camera – and by extension the film – always outlasts the filmmaker; filmmaking transcends wars, zombies or any other form of monstrosity that manifests itself. In the middle of a war, who forgoes their own safety for the truth? Amidst a zombie attack, who would want to plunge knowingly in their midst? On the run from a monster in an enclosed subway tunnel, who would want to look back? Only a filmmaker.

Filmmaking, in these films, fosters a sense of self-assertion, even a sense of protection. Forget guns, crucifixes, silver bullets or anti-*Cloverfield*-monster protectors; all you need is a camera.

ROLLA TAHIR



Reel Politik Film Festival Report: *No End in Sight*

AS part of the Reel Politik film festival at the Munk Centre for International Studies, a screening of the documentary *No End in Sight* was held on Thursday, February 7th. *No End in Sight* details the « quagmire » that was the U.S. « Liberation »/Occupation of Iraq, and the political handling, or perhaps, mishandling, which led to the current Iraq war.

Asked by the White House to assist with a restructuring effort after Saddam Hussein was removed from power, the experts consulted soon found that rather than assist a country with their infrastructure, they were instead forced to sit by while Iraq's remaining bureaucratic and physical infrastructure was taken apart brick by brick. Iraq's national museum, which had contained 8,000 years of history, was looted and burned down, as were government buildings, erasing records of even the names of government ministers. U.S. Troops guarded the country's oil reserves while the rest of the country went to hell. The Iraq army was disbanded, leaving many thousands of families without an income, and the rest of the country's systems were « deliberately or carelessly dismantled ». The murder rate went from 1 per month to 25 a day under U.S. occupation. Much was made of the weapons of mass destruction suspected to be stockpiled under Hussein; however, along with cultural artifacts, parts of power plants were looted along with many unsecured weapons caches. « Pervasive lawlessness » took hold while regular citizens learned to go without water or sanitation, had intermittent power and got used to their army age men being arrested during midnight raids. Kidnapping became a new lo-

cal industry.

The film takes a standard documentary approach, making its case chronologically and using news footage and many interviews with key personnel who had been on the ground in Iraq, as well as press conference footage of George Bush and his inner circle, who refused to be interviewed for the film. The filmmaker uses a subtler technique than Michael Moore's blunt methods, instead letting the ironies of Bush's prepared speeches speak for themselves. The film uses an even-handed approach to its subject, avoiding partisanship (something rare in political debate and media these days), which broadens its appeal and allows the players to speak freely, and they mostly all do. Some of the interviewees seem so regretful for having been part of these events that they appear to be purging something that has made them sick, confessing their sins. Their complicity in events which have hurt so many and accomplished so little for so few makes them forget their skills in political « truthiness » and their anger and humanity cuts through the red tape, making this film very successful in conveying both cold facts and messy emotion.

For those very well versed in the events over the past five years and who possess a strong critical ability, the film may not offer many new insights. If you prefer to take the long view rather than face the depressing nightly news, this film is a great place to approach the issues which have plagued Iraq since 2003 as told by many high ranking politicians and military experts who appear haunted by their experiences.

At a Q&A session after the screen-

ing, panelist Megan Boler asked « *How can the media frame issues so that public inquiry and debate are best served?* » Professor Boler (Theory & Policy Studies at U of T and editor of the book *Digital Media and Democracy: Tactics in Hard Times*) said the film raises some important issues about media framing, and the potency of the « active silencing of dissent » in the current mainstream and alternative media climate since 9/11. Boler raises a key point about the state of public discourse on these issues currently. While this film offers a clear example of media being used to clearly inform the public, without rhetoric or corporate sanitization, it appears there certainly is room for stronger gloves-off dissent, and it remains to be seen if other films will emerge that directly focus on the media's role in failing to be critical of Washington, the billions spent and some say wasted in Iraq, the senseless loss of lives, and the lack of accountability of the key figures who handled a nation like big boys playing a game of *RISK*.

No End in Sight offers a refreshing and measured insight to the handling of Iraq by the U.S. Government, and will keep documentary film fans riveted as well as those who would like to know more about recent U.S. foreign policy and see a clear case study on exactly what has so many citizens of the U.S., Canada and the world so upset with Bush and his inner circle. For viewers who have followed this story closely, however, the film may be so much frustrating reread. ■

JACQUELINE
HOWELL



«O, weep for Adonaïs - he is dead!» Remembering Addy Streeter

IT was once written otiosely with a driven contempt for brevity by Carmen Bailey that:

Though there was little question that the man sitting beside him carried about a conduct deserving of the most reprehensible censure, in which consorting fellows would be wise to avoid his enduring badinage about 'the porthole romances of the Silver Tent Gang' or 'the blind fortunes of the push-cart poulterer,' it was not so much a question of the provenience of the impenitent creature or even the casuistry of its reasoning that demanded shrewd justification, certainly not least of all to, amongst the history of those deemed fit for his charge, the current keeper: the unmindful Aristotelian and scriptwriter Frederick Mytton, who aside from gaining providential renown for the circumstances leading to his birth - sharing with a host of inexcusable failures his descent down an ill-reputed bloodline from a point of singular origin, the progenitorial relation to Mad Jack Mytton (though to be sure the premium on his existence lay in the fact that he too was pelted with rotting oranges as a disciplinary measure by his mother, the grand-daughter of Caroline Giffard, and once set his double-worsted pea coat ablaze, though as a consequence unrelated to curing a fitful case of the hiccups) - was a fine scholar in his own right, divorced from the insistence of an overbearing presence of a man whom he'd never met, bearing on his meagre existence with the force of a collapsing elephant. For while Mytton had his own reasons for handling the chortling native - finding to his alarm the brute competently well-versed in the finer points of Attic Greek culture - it was of far more importance to convince his phalanx of worrying compatriots that his decisions of the last month were ill disposed incurring questions of his lapsing mental stability, and would have better served the situation had their dispositions tended towards a begrudging discontent.

The man so described in the esteemed company of Frederick Mytton, a name it can be recounted with confidence that has often been outstripped by the more prominent names of the Ealing Studio dynasty, was none other than the insufferable Adonaïs «Addy» Streeter, perhaps most famously known for his friendship with Reverend William Archibald Spooner and as the voice of Doctor Koma from the banned wartime radio-serial, «Narcoleptic Jenny», whose shrill voice was often heard echoing the lines at points of profound irritation. «Courts, sports, and genital warts! It's all gone to pieces!»

Mytton, whose delicate friendship with T.E.B. Clarke at the time in 1952 was already hanging in the balance (as the story goes, Mytton once suggested to Michael Balcon in jest that Clarke was going to resolve the water crisis in *The Titfield Thunderbolt* not by cheerful bucket brigade as originally intended, but by having the townspeople collectively micurate into the train's steam engine), was introducing Ealing studio executives to Streeter at a formal dinner party, under the pretence that he had found in his vacationing travels an «*incubate, babbling native living under the charmed auspices of a metempsychic desert sharif*», with whom Mytton was convinced deserved top billing in future Ealing productions.

Streeter, who had suffered the indignities of a country in the throes of rigorous political reform, in many instances living hand to mouth at the expense of many a bilked bureaucrat, was in actuality an accomplished stage actor when he wasn't too busy vitiating the astringent moral fibres of men of great social import, discovered along with Percy Herbert by the late Dame Sybil Thorndike. It has been claimed, concerning the same now infamous meeting turgidly accounted in Bailey's article (who, I should add with exacting righteousness, fails to go beyond subtle intimations in all 224 pages of her book of Mytton and Streeter's theatricality), that Ealing studio mandarins balked at the continuation of Streeter's grandiloquent diatribes against «*the beatitudes of the hickory-knit weave*» or «*the pripeteiac mrrrits of the abisquatulating felon*», though to Bailey's credit, she manages with painstaking accuracy to transcribe some of the more waggish of Streeter's extemporanea.

So convinced were the Ealing executives of the veracity of Streeter's eccentric performance - who in speaking entirely in Mauritian pidgin, is reputed to have impudently addressed Michael Relf and Basil Dearden upon their arrival by yelling, «*Alors, ton dire moi prepare zot ventre bien pou manze manzer bouilli bouilli! Mo esperer zot tou capave vini pou ene ti get together ton invitation cen dire. Me ki sanna ses pilons, eb? He he, ban fallu mama mo croire. Aiee ai ail!*» - so taken aback by his complete and utter absorption were Mytton and Streeter's audience, that Balcon reportedly announced, «*We'll be properly scuppered if you're going to be diverting funds for the well maintenance of your companion, to say nothing of the consequences of a distended stomach judging by the rate of his uncomely mastication. I dare say there's a gibbous gleam in his*

eye that isn't human».

Of course Balcon was utterly delighted by the news that the evening's events, beat for uncompromising beat, had been orchestrated for Balcon's amusement and conviction to draft contracts the very next morning, which is exactly how long Mytton and Streeter waited to notify the shrewd Ealing Studio mogul of their structured legerdemain.

Yet it came to no one associated intimately with Balcon as particularly surprising that Mytton and Streeter's futures at Ealing were doomed from the start when it became unquestionably clear that it was indeed Mytton who was responsible for introducing Balcon's daughter to Cecil Day-Lewis in 1948 at BBC Studios, for it was not uncommon amidst the Ealing lots for even the script girls to know that Balcon virulently disapproved of the pairing. Though the validity of such a suggestion has never been formally recognized by Balcon, his daughter, or Day-Lewis, the «*disappearance*» of the signed contracts (Mytton vehemently asserts a three-picture deal was agreed to) was reason enough for Streeter to swear off working with Ealing so long as Balcon was in charge. A recorded statement on the incident appeared in the *Daily Mail* in spring 1953, where Streeter was quoted as saying, «*Michael Balcon has as much business gauging talent as Alfred Wegener attending an AAPG convention*».

Streeter's career never took off in the way Mytton had envisioned, finding work in the next and last thirteen years of his creative life with obscure radio and television work, punctuated unevenly by uncredited roles in several motion pictures (he has a non-speaking role in John Schlesinger's *Billy Liar* and can be seen dancing with Janet Street-Porter at the Yardbirds concert in Antonioni's *Blow-Up*).

Nevertheless, the grandeur with which his performance for Michael Balcon's amusement has over the past thirty-one years since his passing gained, having in the process developed almost mythological proportions whenever recounted by those in attendance on that fateful day in May of 1952, seems reason enough to ruminate on his brief flirtation with fame, entertaining however briefly the fateful notion of «*What could have been?*» Streeter died on February 17th, 1967, suffering a heart attack due to complications with ischemia.

JEAN MARC AH-SEN



Addy Streeter, left, and Frederick Mytton, at Ealing Studios circa 1951, before Streeter's introduction to Balcon



Notes From the Toronto-Romanian Film Festival

WITH

the accolades awarded to Cristian Mungiu's *4 Weeks, 3 Months and 2 Days* (4 luni, 3 săptămâni și 2 zile, 2007) and Cristian Nemescu's *California Dreamin'* (*Nesfârșit*) (2007) in the past year - following the warm reception of *The Death of Mr. Lazarescu* (*Moartea domnului Lazarescu*, 2005) and *12:08 East of Bucharest* (*A fost sau n-a fost?*, 2006) in the years prior - there has been a temptation amongst critics to herald a new wave (or any similar categorization) of Romanian filmmaking. While this seems a bit absurd given the circumstances - a few number of films that aren't terribly similar - there are always dividends paid through the increase in attention given to any national cinema.

To be sure, one of those is the introduction of the Toronto-Romanian Film Festival, presented at the start of February by the ToRo Arts Group in our own Innis Town Hall. At its inception, expectations for any film festival must include certain reservations, and while there are certainly aspects that will be improved over what I hope are subsequent years, this first experience was a success at the very least for lending increased exposure to a wider spectrum of Romanian films, especially within a context that encourages the audience to reflect on the notion of a national cinema. This was aided in no small part by the presence of *California Dreamin'* cast member Jamie Elman, York professor Tereza Barta and, especially, UWO professor Dr. Calin-Andrei Mihăilescu.

Unfortunately, I was unable to make it to any of the short screenings, but a prevalent theme within the features shown, as Mihăilescu astutely acknowledged, is the inextricable link between the nation's history and filmed reconstructions.

Nemescu's *California Dreamin'* (*Nesfârșit*) opened the festival, no doubt gesturing to its current cultural capital. As a transnational project, which the title's use of two languages may indicate, the film concerns the problematic relationship between personal identity and being a citizen of a country with its own potentially divergent policies. Occurring during the NATO bombings of Yugoslavia, the American soldiers and the townspeople of Căpâlnița initially understand one another as representations of their respective countries as they are thrust together by circumstance. Over the course of the film, the individual beliefs and desires are accentuated, both confirming and upsetting national stereotypes.

It is with a considerable sadness

that the unique nature of the film is discussed: as Nemescu died due to a car crash in the very early stages of editing, the film is presented in its assembly cut. The *nesfârșit* of the title acknowledges the unfinished nature of the film, but it's less an issue with the narrative than what would be imagined. The languid pace amplifies the feelings of tension and personal discovery that are derived from the unanticipated - seemingly endless - halting of the NATO train car in the Romanian town. Furthermore, this becomes a self-reflexive device when paired with the narrative, conveying its nature as a filmed recreation of a historically located moment. The use of black and white in scenes depicting memories of Romania in WWII is a perfect example of this because it is so precisely a clichéd device in films: for these films, the notion that history is qualified exclusively through film is frequently expressed. Ultimately, this technique highlights the event itself while enabling and encouraging reflection on its relationship within the development of the nation.

It is no wonder that the subject matter for the first Romanian feature film was historically based: its inception, of course, takes up the inception of the country itself in *The War of Independence* (*Independența României*, 1912). If the account of the film's production that is dramatized in *The Rest Is Silence* (*Restul e tăcere*, 2007) is to be believed, the historical account is where the passion of supposed director Grigore Brezeanu lay, while the subject of the short he is shooting prior to it is played for laughs. Appropriately, the two hour runtime of *Independence* was as unheard of at the time of its production as the 24 million Euros budget of *Silence*. If neither film is outstanding, both the first Romanian feature and the feature dramatizing its creation share the passion for cinema that exists in Romania even in an environment that is not traditionally facilitating for filmmakers.

With that in mind, the documentary *The Great Communist Bank Robbery* (*Marele jaf comunist*, 2004) provides a detailed historical analysis of how the government once employed cinema with a similar interest in re-staging history in the film *Reconstruction* (*Reconstituirea*, 1960). Once apprehended, the five apparent bank robbers are forced to meticulously reenact their robbery, while their actual trial is filmed for the movie's conclusion, melding docu-drama with documentary in a way that anticipates Abbas Kiarostami's *Close-Up* (*Nema-ye Nazdik*, 1990) by thirty years. It follows that the documentary's juxtaposition

of clips from the 1960 film, a potentially false account that may have been created to cover for a far more nefarious interest in the supposed criminals, with its own 2004 interpretation ostensibly further removes the already shadowy event via another film portrayal.

This lineage is further compounded by the familiarly titled *Reconstruction* (*Reconstituirea*, 1968), wherein a vaguely described crime results in two young men serving their punishment by starring in a film whose production is as scatterbrained as its purpose is oblique. If the subject matter is similar to the reenactment of the film's 1960 namesake, confirming the national importance of filmed reconstructions, the meaning is the polar opposite of propaganda, and the form reflects this with its art film mode. Rather than summarize and resolve the issue, the narrative drifts towards the complex relationship the authoritative director and the on-hand policeman have with the conflicted boys and the unexplained teenage girl, indicating the growth of a separate characterization of Romania: the violent conclusion unfolds in front of an audience of townsfolk who have collected at the location of the shoot, at once intently witnessing and yet not understanding.

In a Los Angeles Times interview, director Cristian Mungiu locates the 1968 *Reconstruction* as the best Romanian film made during Communism, but he is sure to note how difficult it was to make films for most of the nation's history as a producer of cinema; *Reconstruction* was banned until 1990, and Mungiu has had his own issues with distribution, including his acclaimed *4 Weeks*. In response, the director travelled for 30 days in caravan, exhibiting the film in small towns without cinemas to relative success. He characterizes the nation's cinematic climate by noting its 35 theatres for a population over 20 million. Though there may not be much in the way of an aesthetic or ideologically coordinated movement from contemporary Romanian directors, with these numbers in mind the attention garnered from international avenues, including festivals such as this, is of incredible worth. Hopefully, the increased visibility leads to improved conditions for the national cinema, so that its unique nature may be continually charted for years to come.

CHRIS HERON



Five Great Cinematographers

SO often, a film's creation is attributed almost entirely to its director, reinforcing the auteur theory first realized by Francois Truffaut. However, it is a plain (but often-neglected) fact that a feature film is a collaborative effort, and there are many different roles involved in the birthing process of making a completed movie. Among the most crucial of these is the cinematographer, who arguably has just as much of an impact on the finished work as the writer or director—especially considering his/her efforts are quite literally displayed on the screen for all to see. Through the elements of light, shadow, color (or, for black-and-white photography, lack thereof) and the camera, cinematographers are entrusted with perhaps the most cinematic part of the filmmaking process. The following is a list of five notable cinematographers whose persistence of vision and technical mastery over their craft elevate it to an art form of its own.

Sven Nykvist

A legend in his own right, Sven Nykvist was one of the greatest talents to wield the camera in world cinema. Best known for his partnership with Ingmar Bergman, Nykvist worked on a considerable number of the Swedish master's films, ranging from haunting black-and-white (*Winter Light*, *Persona*, *Hour of the Wolf*) to ravishing color (*Cries and Whispers*, *Autumn Sonata*, *Fanny and Alexander*). Over the course of his career, he would win two Oscars, work with such directors as Andrei Tarkovsky (*The Sacrifice*), Woody Allen (*Crimes and Misdemeanors*) and Lasse Hallstrom (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*) and enjoy a prosperous reputation until his death in 2006.

Raoul Coutard

Regardless of how one may feel about the often-difficult works of Jean-Luc Godard, one fact is clear: more often than not,

they are wonderfully stimulating on a visual level. This is partly thanks to Raoul Coutard, who worked on fifteen of Godard's films. He was the one who revolutionized camerawork in *Breathless* by resorting to handheld methods and the use of a wheelchair to create a unique look infused with mobility and a documentary feel. The rest of the films he made with Godard run the gamut in terms of variety: from the dazzling candy colors in *A Woman is a Woman* to the bleak, dreary look of *Band of Outsiders* to the larger-than-life Cinemascope realm of *Contempt*, Coutard seemed to know the precise mood of each film and perfectly conjure it for the screen. Although he collaborated with other notable directors (including Francois Truffaut on a number of his films), it is his work with Godard that stands out as his best.

Christopher Doyle

A lively character who often comes across as slightly mad, Christopher Doyle is nothing less than a wizard at the art of cinematography. He is most famous for his collaborations with Hong Kong maverick Wong Kar-Wai, among them *Days of Being Wild*, *Chungking Express*, *Fallen Angels* and *In the Mood for Love*. Those films' floods of neon-lit colors and dreamily romantic visual compositions put him on the map as one of the best DOPs in the business. Most recently, Doyle has worked on numerous American productions such as Gus Van Sant's excellent *Paranoid Park* and M. Night Shyamalan's not-so-great *Lady in the Water*, which, for all of its terrible qualities (and there are a great many), is at least pleasant to look at thanks to Doyle's expertise.

Janusz Kaminski

Janusz Kaminski deserves to be on this list for his work on *Schindler's List* alone. His stunning black-and-white images de-

fined the film's historical situation with great potency and deservedly won him an Oscar in 1994. Since then, he has been Steven Spielberg's cinematographer of choice, helping envision scenes of chaotic warfare (*Saving Private Ryan*, *War of the Worlds*), cold futuristic dystopias (*A.I. Artificial Intelligence*, *Minority Report*) and everything in between (*Catch Me If You Can*, *The Terminal*). His most recent projects include *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* and the latest Indiana Jones adventure, *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*.

Robert Elswit

Paul Thomas Anderson's films are always a delight to behold, their well-drawn characters and deep-running streams of emotion making for great cinematic fare. However, the icing on the cake is Robert Elswit's cinematography, which enhances Anderson's moral tales with a rich, vibrant sheen. Like Kaminski, Elswit has proven his worth in the black-and-white department (*Good Night, and Good Luck*), but his true strengths lie in his color compositions. His latest work on *There Will Be Blood* evokes *Days of Heaven*'s legendary photography by Nestor Almendros and Haskell Wexler, presenting some of the most magnificent images to come out of American cinema in a long time.

Bonus: Bruno Delbonnel

This French cinematographer belongs alongside Christopher Doyle for his work's sheer eye-popping factor. His dazzling usage of color in *Amelie* and *Across the Universe* certifies his considerable talents, and his assignment to the sixth Harry Potter film could be the best creative decision for the franchise since Alfonso Cuaron helmed the stylish *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*.

MARC SAINT-CYR

